

*Bul.* I pardon him, as heauen shall pardon mee.  
*Dur.* O happy vantage of a kneeling knee:  
 Yet am I sicke for feare: Speake it againe,  
 Twice saying Pardon, doth not pardon twaine,  
 But makes one pardon strong.  
*Bul.* I pardon him with all my hart.  
*Dur.* A God on earth thou art,  
*Bul.* But for our trusty brother-in-Law, the Abbot,  
 With all the rest of that comfort crew,  
 Destruction straight shall dogge them at the heeles:  
 Good Vnckle helpe to order feuerall powres  
 To Oxford, or where ere these Traitors are:  
 They shall not liue within this world I sweare,  
 But I will haue them, if I once know where.  
 Vnckle farewell, and Cofin adieu:  
 Your mother well hath praid, and proue you true.  
*Dur.* Come my old son, I pray heauen make thee new.

*Enter Exton and Seruants.*

*Ext.* Didst thou not marke the King what words hee  
 spake?  
*Ex.* Haue I no friend will rid me of this liuing feare:  
 Was it not so?  
*Ser.* Those were his very words.  
*Ex.* Haue I no Friend? (quoth he:) he spake it twice,  
 And vrg'd it twice together, did he not?  
*Ser.* He did.  
*Ex.* And speaking it, he wistly look'd on me,  
 As who should say, I would thou wert the man  
 That would diuorce this terror from my heart,  
 Meaning the King at Pomfret: Come, let's goe;  
 I am the Kings Friend, and will rid his Foe.

### Scena Quarta.

*Enter Richard.*

*Rich.* I haue bin studying, how to compare  
 This Prison where I liue, vnto the World:  
 And for because the world is populous,  
 And heere is not a Creature, but my selfe,  
 I cannot do it: yet Ile hammer't out.  
 My Braine, Ile proue the Female to my Soule,  
 My Soule, the Father: and these two beget  
 A generation of still breeding Thoughts;  
 And these same Thoughts, people this Little World  
 In humors, like the people of this world,  
 For no thought is contented. The better sort,  
 As thoughts of things Diuine, are intermixt  
 With scruples, and do set the Faith it selfe  
 Against the Faith: as thus: Come little ones: & then again,  
 It is as hard to come, as for a Camell  
 To chred the posterne of a Needles eye.  
 Thoughts tending to Ambition, they do plot  
 Vnlikely wonders; how these vaine weake nailes  
 May teare a passage through the Flinty ribbes  
 Of this hard world, my ragged prison walles:  
 And for they cannot, dye in their owne pride.  
 Thoughts tending to Content, flatter themselves,  
 That they are not the first of Fortunes slaues,  
 Nor shall not be the last. Like silly Beggars,  
 Who sitting in the Stockes, refuse their shame  
 That many haue, and others must sit there;  
 And in this Thought, they finde a kind of ease,

Bearing their owne misfortune on the backe  
 Off such as haue before indur'd the like.  
 Thus play I in one Prison, many people,  
 And none contented. Sometimes am I King;  
 Then Treason makes me with my selfe a Beggar,  
 And so I am. Then crushing penurie,  
 Perfwades me, I was better when a King:  
 Then am I king'd againe: and by and by,  
 Thinke that I am vn-king'd by *Bullingbrooke*,  
 And straight am nothing. But what ere I am,  
 Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,  
 With nothing shall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd  
 With being nothing. Musicke do I heare?  
 Ha, ha? keepe time: How sowre sweet Musicke is,  
 When Time is broke, and no Proportion keepe?  
 So is it in the Musicke of mens liues:  
 And heere haue I the daintinesse of feare,  
 To heare time broke in a disorder'd string:  
 But for the Concord of my State and Time,  
 Had not an eare to heare my true Time broke,  
 I wasted Time, and now doth Time waste me:  
 For now hath Time made me his numbring clocke;  
 My Thoughts, are minutes; and with Sighes they tarre,  
 Their watches on vnto mine eyes, the outward Watch,  
 Whereon my finger, like a Dialls point,  
 Is pointing still, in cleansing them from teares.  
 Now sir, the found that tels what houre it is,  
 Are clamorous groanes, that strike vpon my heart,  
 Which is the bell: so Sighes, and Teares, and Groanes,  
 Shew Minutes, Hournes, and Times: but my Time  
 Runs poasting on, in *Bullingbrookes* proud ioy,  
 While I stand fooling heere, his iacke o'th Clocke.  
 This Musicke mads me, let it sound no more,  
 For though it haue holpe madmen to their wits,  
 In me it seemes, it will make wise-men mad:  
 Yet blessing on his heart that giues it me;  
 For 'tis a signe of loue, and loue to *Richard*,  
 Is a strange Brooch, in this all-hating world.

*Enter Groome.*

*Groo.* Haile Royall Prince.  
*Rich.* Thanks Noble Peere,  
 The cheapest of vs, is ten groates too deere.  
 What art thou? And how com'st thou hither?  
 Where no man euer comes, but that sad dogge  
 That brings me food, to make misfortune liue?  
*Groo.* I was a poore Groome of thy Stable (King)  
 When thou wert King: who travelling towards Yorke,  
 With much adoo, at length haue gotten leaue  
 To looke vpon my (sometimes Royall) masters face.  
 O how it yern'd my heart, when I beheld  
 In London streets, that Coronation day,  
 When *Bullingbrooke* rode on Roane Barbary,  
 That horse, that thou so often hast bestrid,  
 That horse, that I so carefully haue drest.  
*Rich.* Rode he on Barbary? Tell me gentle Friend,  
 How went he vnder him?  
*Groo.* So proudly, as if he had disdain'd the ground.  
*Rich.* So proud, that *Bullingbrooke* was on his backe;  
 That Iade hath eate bread from my Royall hand.  
 This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.  
 Would he not stumble? Would he not fall downe  
 (Since Pride must haue a fall) and breake the necke  
 Of that proud man, that did vsurpe his backe?  
 Forgiuenesse horse? Why do I raile on thee,  
 Since thou created to beaw'd by man  
 Was't borne to beare? I was not made a horse,

And yet I beare a burthen like an Asse,  
 Spur-gall'd, and tyed by taunting *Bullingbrooke*.  
*Enter Keeper with a Dill.*  
*Keep.* Fellow, giue place, heere is no longer Ray.  
*Rich.* I haue lost me, as time thou wert away.  
*Groo.* What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall  
 say.

*Enter Exton and Seruants.*  
*Ex.* How now? what meanes Death in this rude assault?  
 Villaine, thine owne hand yeelds thy deaths instrument,  
 Go thou and fill another roome in hell.

*Exton strikes him downe.*  
 That hand shall burne in neuer-quenching fire,  
 That staggers thus my person. *Exton*, thy fierce hand,  
 Hath with the Kings blood, stain'd the Kings owne land.  
 Mount, mount my soule, thy leate is vp on high,  
 While my grosse flesh liues downward heere to dye.  
*Exton.* As full of Valor, as of Royall blood,  
 Both haue I spilt: Oh would the deed were good.  
 For now the diuell, that told me I did well,  
 Sayes, that this deede is chronicled in hell.  
 This dead King to the liuing King Ile beare,  
 Take hence the rest, and giue them buriall heere.

### Scena Quinta.

*Flourish.* *Enter Bullingbrooke, Yorke, with  
 other Lords & attendants.*  
*Yor.* Kinde Vnkle Yorke, the latest newes we heare,  
 Is that the Rebels haue consum'd with fire,  
 Our Towne of Ciceter in Gloucestershire,  
 But whe ther they be tane or slaine, we heare not.  
*Enter Northumberland.*  
 Welcome my Lord: What is the newes?  
*Yor.* First to thy Sacred State, wish I all happinesse:  
 The next newes is, I haue to London sent  
 The heads of *Salsbury*, *Spencer*, *Blunt*, and *Kent*:

FINIS.